

For an hour nothing occurred, and the crowd began to disperse. Then came Weymann at a most terrifying speed on his 100-h.p. Nieuport. He had averaged over 80 miles an hour between the two aerodromes. A deep roar heralded the approach of the massive Etrich monoplane, and with a gull-like swoop she landed. Hucks flew his Blackburn very prettily and was heartily cheered, especially by his old colleagues, the Grahame-White staff.

With the arrival of Lieut. Reynolds on the Howard Wright biplane and Lieut. Cammell on the 70-h.p. Blériot two-seater the multitude gradually disappeared, having witnessed the finest object-lesson on the advance of practical aircraft that it would have been possible to set before them.

**The Departure, Monday.**

The scene in the vicinity of the aerodrome throughout Sunday night and the small hours of Monday morning was one that the natives of Hendon are not likely to forget for a decade. Quite early on the evening before the start people began flocking to the aerodrome, with the intention of snatching a few hours' sleep in the surrounding fields, and of being fully prepared for the morning.

Powerful repair cars, with their loads of spare parts and mechanics, were dashing hither and thither in clouds of dust. Coffee stalls and the like had sprung up like mushrooms all along Collindale

to discomfort, while the green fields on old Hendon Hill, which form a most excellent natural grand stand, were changed to a dull neutral monochrome by the populace. The magnitude of the crowd that had assembled to witness the start was really astounding, and it was more than encouraging to those who have the success of aviation at heart, to think that so much interest has been aroused by the great race; for these half-a-million Londoners had to sadly curtail their night's rest, and in many cases to go without it altogether, in order to be present at the aerodrome at daybreak.

As the time of departure drew nearer, the people became quieter, and contented to wait in a state of silent expectation, their eyes fixed eagerly on the aeroplanes drawn up on the starting line. At a minute or two before four o'clock Vedrines and "Beaumont" mounted their machines, and their engines were started. Vedrines, who had gained 15 secs. on his celebrated French rival, by virtue of his fine performance in the first stage, should have been away first. Probably misunderstanding the signals, the impatient "Beaumont" gave the signal "Lachez tout!" a few seconds before the official starting time, and wheeled superbly off in the air towards Harrogate. Vedrines was soon at his heels, however, and the two rapidly became mere specks in the distance. While they were yet barely visible to the unaided eye, Hamel dashed off in pursuit on his Blériot. His ascent was beautifully steady and inspired great



**DAILY MAIL CIRCUIT OF BRITAIN.**—The scene at Hendon at 4 a.m., when the machines were sent off.

Avenue, the road leading to the aerodrome, and the raucous cries of their proprietors effectively kept the residents from sleep—sleep that was so much needed by everyone, but which few considered themselves justified in taking. In the fields near the entrance gates the people had kindled large bonfires, and around these they sat and chatted till dawn. Those who were not so fortunate in finding inflammable material warded off the chill of the night air by shouting out popular melodies at the top of their voices.

The lights of the bonfires, the naphtha flares on the booths, and the headlights of the waiting cars rendered the sight almost uncanny in the steel grey of the approaching dawn.

Although the crowd had been flocking steadily towards the grounds all night, the real influx of spectators did not commence until 2.30 in the morning. Before many minutes there was one long queue of private cars and taxicabs extending along the whole length of Collindale Avenue, while the pavements were so swarmed with arrivals on foot that it would have been a sheer physical impossibility to have made any progress against that tide of humanity.

Hucks mentioned later to the writer that it had taken him exactly one hour to get his car along this last half-mile to the aerodrome. The popular priced enclosures, large as they are, were soon crammed

confidence amongst those who regarded him as England's hope. Another propeller was set in motion and another machine was struggling in its leash. It was Valentine, in his neat little Deperdussin, both man and machine being excellent units and likely to prove formidable rivals to the crack French aviators.

Audemars, the little Swiss aviator, who created so much wonder and amusement by his clever flying on the Demoiselle at the Bournemouth meeting last year, and who has since changed his mount to a Blériot, was due to start next, but he was delayed by a refractory engine. He got away later, however, and in fine style.

Pixton also had trouble with his Bristol-Renault. The motor was miss-firing so badly that he could not manage to coax the machine to leave *terra firma*, and it was not until he had cleaned his plugs and made several adjustments that he got his engine developing anything like its real power. With more thrust from the propeller, however, he was not long in leaving the aerodrome.

It was very disappointing to those who placed great faith in Paterson to hear that he did not intend to continue, and from the way Grahame-White handled the machine later one could safely say that it was for no mechanical reason that he had abandoned the race. Pizey, stable companion of Pixton's, and the pilot of one of